

INTRODUCING

150

Honkytonk Sue

THE QUEEN OF COUNTRY SWING



See Sue
take on Mr. Disco
and make him look
like a dork.

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"the Queen of Country Swing"

Honkytonk **Sue**

"Thank you for giving us at last a female counterpart to the Marlboro Man, Dirty Harry, and all the other machismo myths that roam the earth unchallenged."

**Sandy Lovejoy
June 17, 1978
Phoenix, Arizona**

This book is dedicated to Kathy Sue Radina, who taught me how to be a winner.

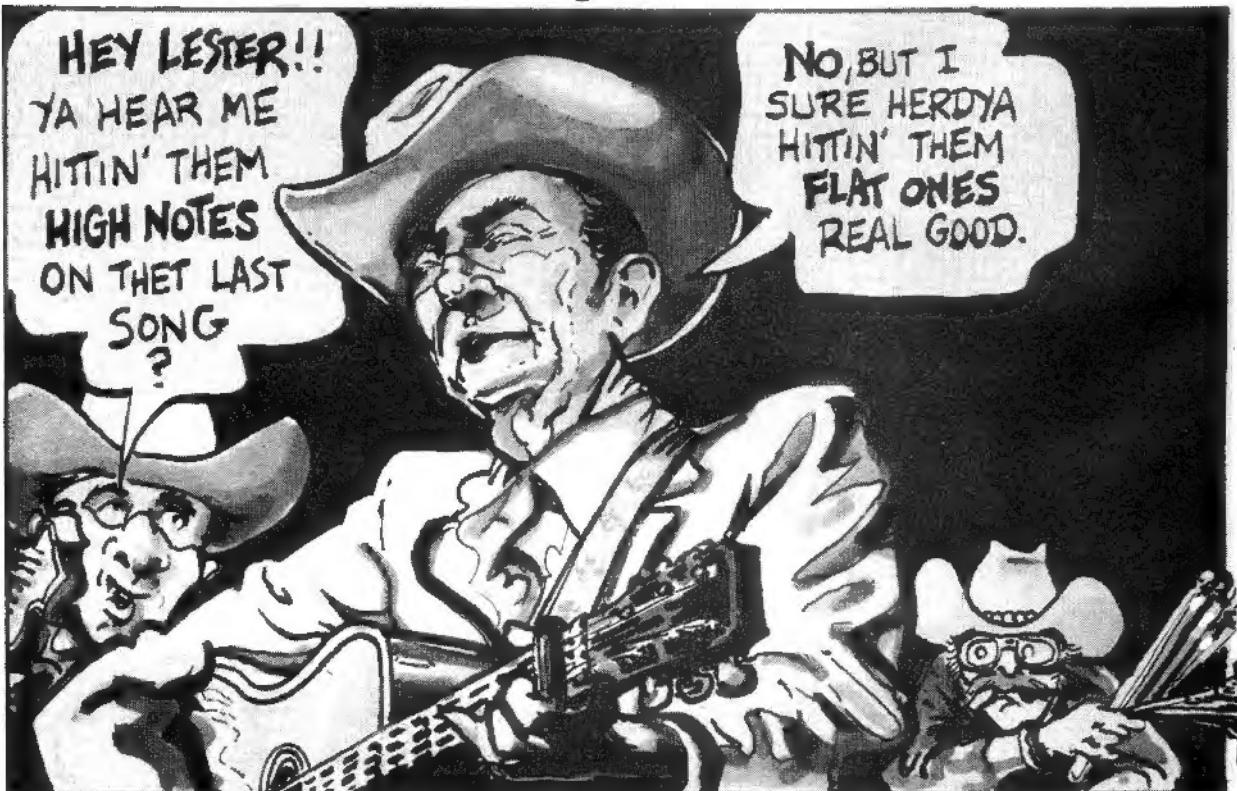
VSZ

The Wild West lives on in the Honkytonks of the Southwest . . .

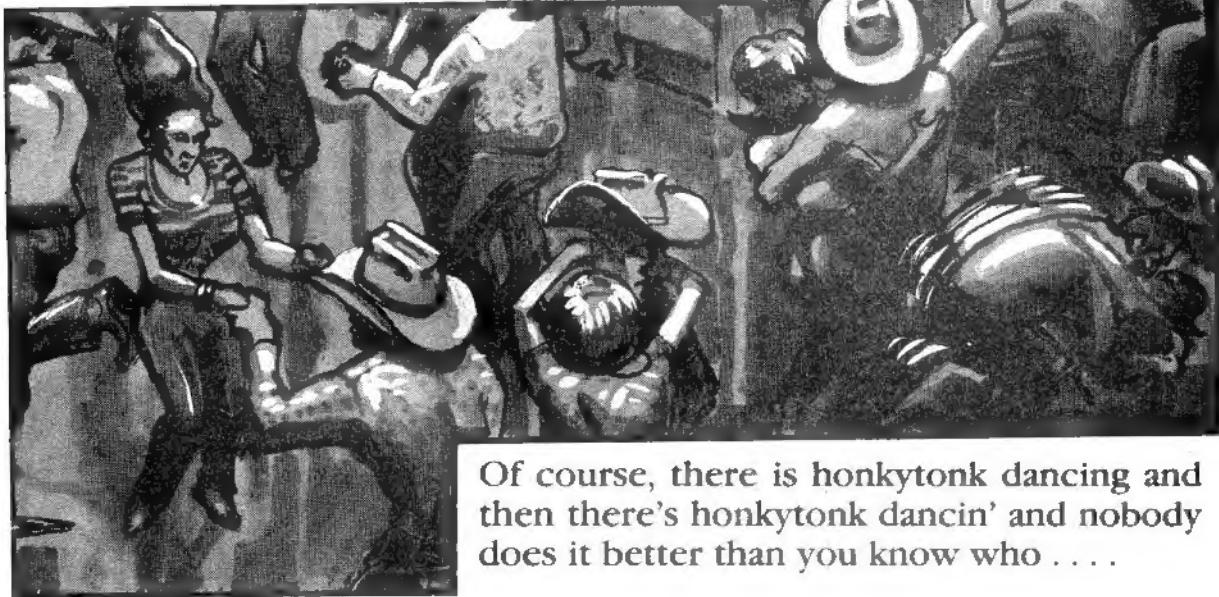


Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that Honkytonks are dangerous to your paycheck, your liver, and your marriage.

Playing music in a honkytonk is alot like a parachute jump. You get as high as you can, grab three chords and hang on . . . chances are you'll live through it.



Dancing in a Honkytonk is alot like touch football. Two hands below the wait and plenty of body contact, kicking and scoring.



Of course, there is honkytonk dancing and then there's honkytonk dancin' and nobody does it better than you know who

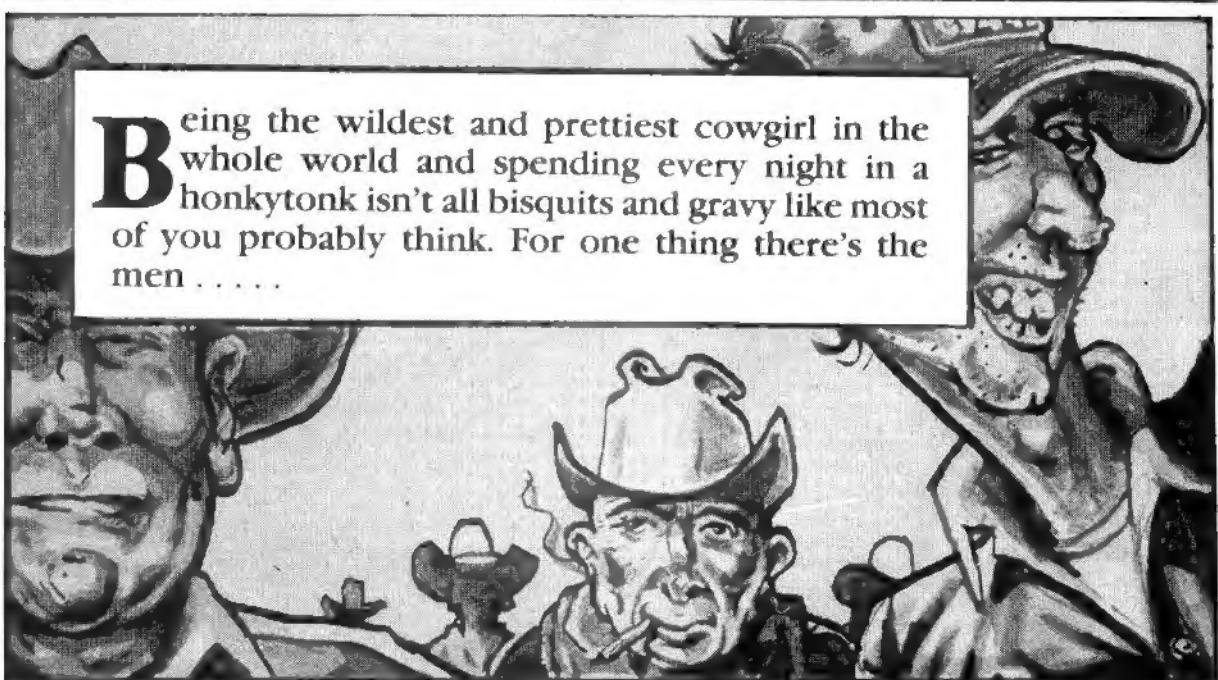


AH DECLARE
SUE.
YER TH' BEST
IN ' TH' WEST.
BARNONE!

WHY THANKS
BILLY. BUT
WHAT D'YA
THINK ABOUT
MY DANCIN'
?



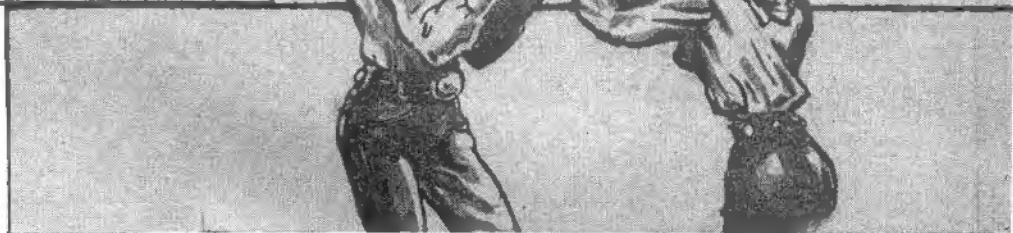
Being the wildest and prettiest cowgirl in the whole world and spending every night in a honkytonk isn't all biscuits and gravy like most of you probably think. For one thing there's the men



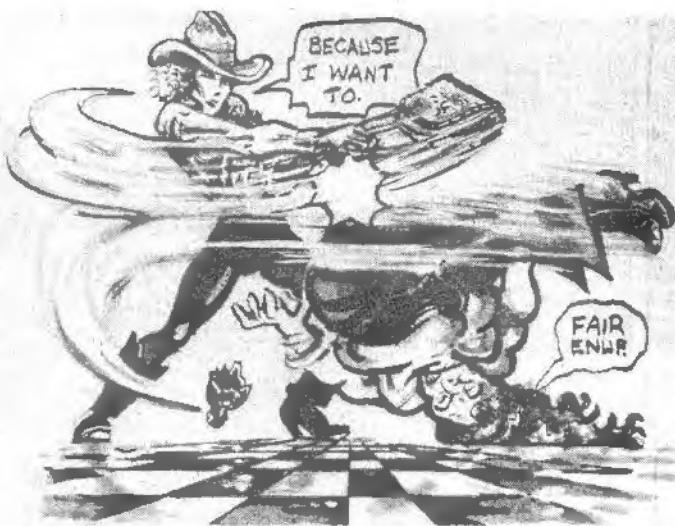
I'VE GOT
BIG BUCKS.

CALL
ME SUE.

... true, some are semi-good looking with barrel chests and a lot to offer



...but these kind of men all seem to have one thing in common. Jealous wives....



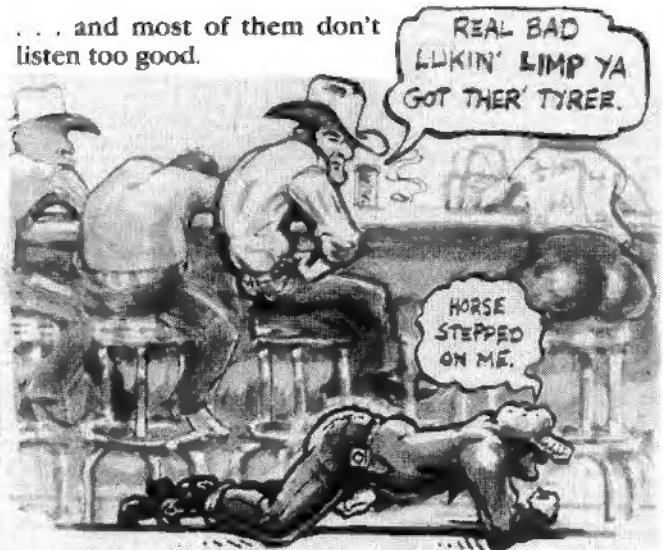
...a few of the single men are quite harmless....



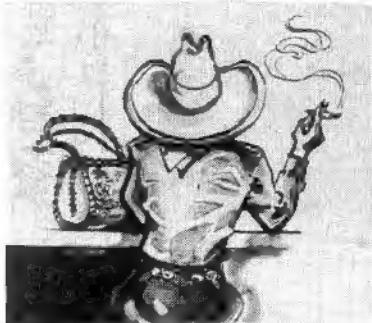
... but the vast majority have only one thing on their minds



... and most of them don't
listen too good.



...so Honkytonk Sue, orders another draft, smokes another smoke and waits for a man who's man enough.



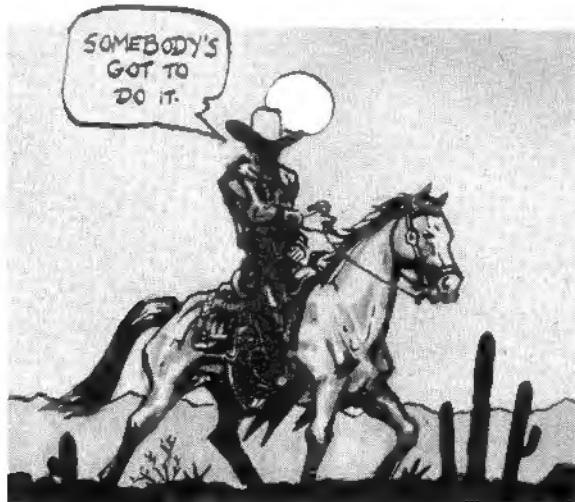
Only the good Lord knows how many women in how many bars, have waited how many years for "Mr. Right."



As for the rest...well, between the shypokes, the liars, and the dorks, the pickings are mighty lean...



Imagine. "Mr. Right," one man, with every woman in every bar in the world waiting for him...night after night.....



When he enters a room, women go bananas. They come unglued. They melt at the sight of his perfect good looks and his fantastic qualifications.



Well, all except one that is.

EXCUSE ME MISS, I CAN FULLFILL
EVERY FANTASY YOU'VE EVER HAD ABOUT A
MAN. I'M INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY, I'M
SENSITIVE, I'M SEXUALLY SECURE, I HAVE
LIFE ALL FIGURED OUT, AND I EVEN PICK
UP MY SOCKS.... SAY THE WORD AND
I'M YOURS...



No Sue, he can't type, but his lines are like oral dictation; everything he says, you better get down on paper.



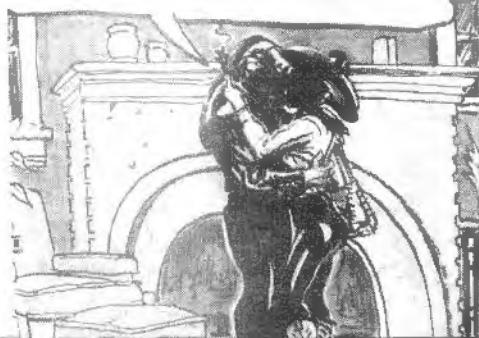
There is no doubt about "Mr. Right" being loaded. He owns a plush quadruple-wide mobile home with a "view" and a C.B. radio in every room....



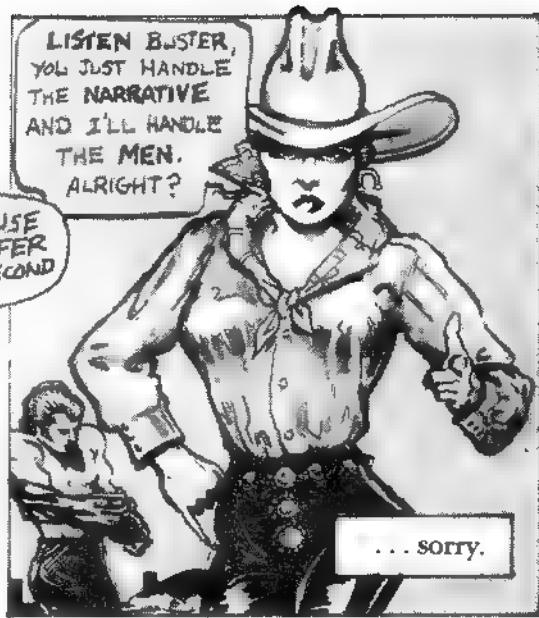
LISTEN,
I'VE NEVER SAID
THIS TO ANYBODY BEFORE,
BUT... MY LIFE IS
EMPTY...



SURE, I HAVE
EVERYTHING A MAN COULD
WANT... A BIG HOUSE, A BIG
CHEST, BIG CARS, BIG BILLS,
A BIG EGO PROBLEM...



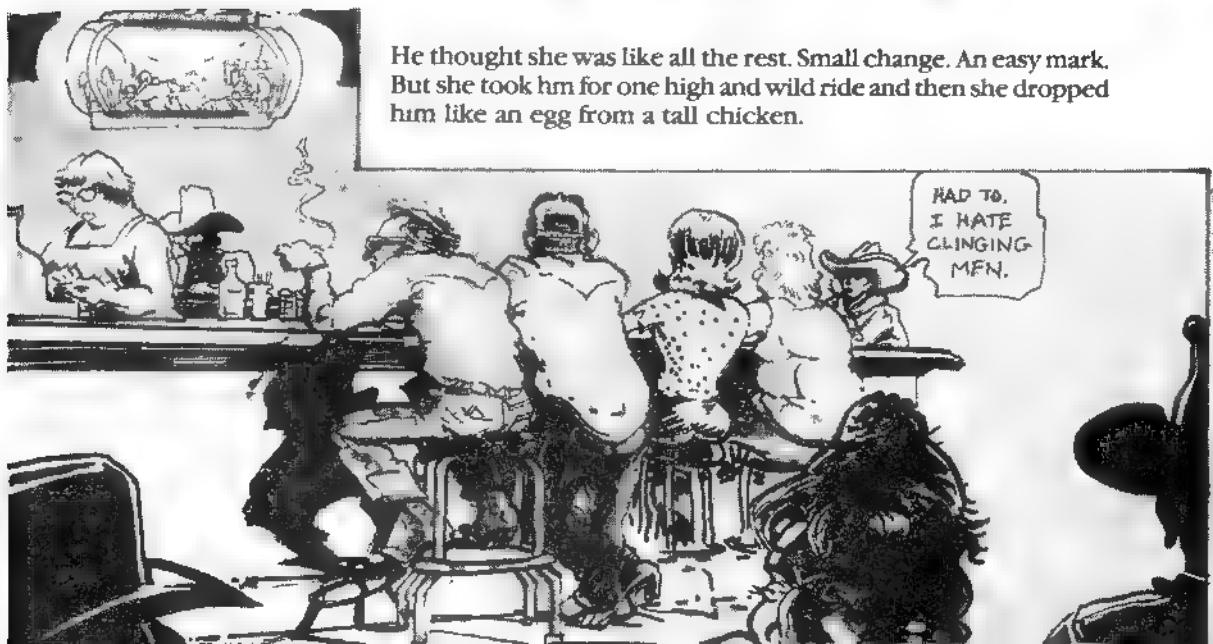
What's this? No smart retort? No zinging putdown?! Could Honkytonk Sue actually be falling for this big galoot?!!!



He had broken a thousand hearts in a thousand bars but "Mr Right" met his match with Honkytonk Sue.



He thought she was like all the rest. Small change. An easy mark. But she took him for one high and wild ride and then she dropped him like an egg from a tall chicken.



"Mr. Right" tried and tried to forget her, but of course he couldn't. He was stung but good.

He took to drinking heavily. Friends tried to set him up with beautiful women but it didn't help....



A cruel twist of fate. The tables had been turned completely. But who is to blame? It would be totally absurd and unfair to suggest that Sue relished his suffering...

... or that she got off on watching him crawl and grovel like some stray dog begging for a bone . . .



...oh. O.K., so much for the comic code . . .

Part II “Mr. Disco”



As Honkytonk Sue is about to find out a disco is slightly different than your local honkytonk. Besides the music and the method in which

it is dispatched, the clothes, the language, the decor, the sexual preferences, the politics and even the bathrooms are miles and miles apart.

OH SUE, ISN'T
THIS EXCITING?
IT'S JUST LAK IN
TH' MOVIE!!

YEH, BUT WHEN ARE
THEY GONNA TURN OFF
THE ELEVATOR MUSIC
AND LET THE
BAND START ?

the thing remains the
ne though . . .

HI, MY NAME IS
ERIC, AND I'VE GOT
A LAYERED HAIRCUT AND
I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG
BUT I'M TERRIFIC IN
BED....



GEE SUE, HE WAS
KINDA CUTE, HOW COME
YOU PUT HIM DOWN
LAK THET?

WELL DONNA JEAN,
WHEN IT COMES TA
GUD LOVIN'...REMEMBER
THIS...



...IF A MAN HAS
TO BRAG,
HE'LL BE THE FIRST
TO SAG."



BUT SUE, THAT
INCLUDES PRACTICALLY
EVERY GUY IN THE
FREE WORLD!!

SHAME
ISN'T
IT?





THERE AINT A
GUD LOVER IN
THE WHOLE
LOT.

BLIT HOW
CAN YA
TELL THET
?!

A GUD LOVER
DON'T KNOW HOW
TO DANCE STIFF.
THESE GUYS LUK
LAK THEY NEED
A LUBE JOB OR
A CORNCOB
REMOVAL.

AIN'T THER
EVEN ONE
WORTH JUMPIN'
ON?

WELL, LET'S SEE...
THAT SKINNY KID
HOGGIN' THE WHOLE
FLOOR OVER THER
HAS POTENTIAL. IF
HE'D LOOSEN
UP A LIT....

OH MY GAWD
SUE...IT'S HIM!!!
IT'S THE GUY
IN THE
MOVIE!!!

Yes, there he is, in all his explosive disco glory, igniting the dance floor with every move of his full taut lips . . .

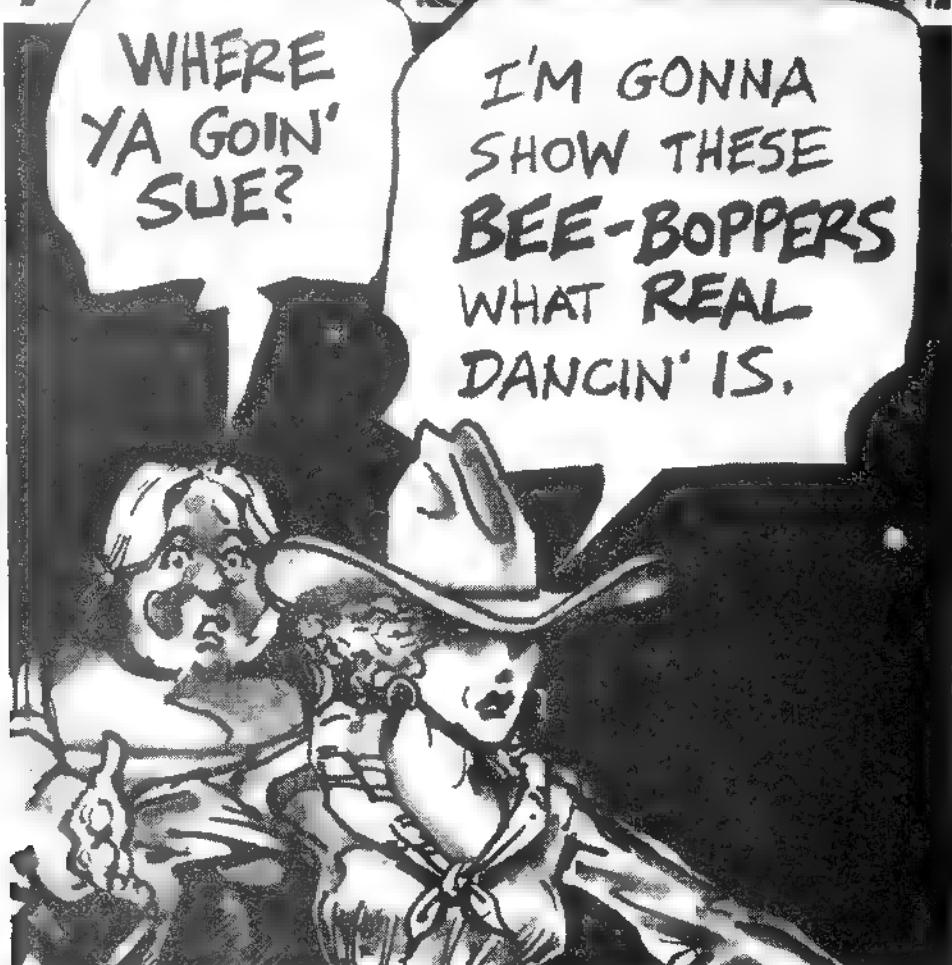
YEH, THAS RIGHT.
I AIN'T EVEN STAUDED
JUMPIN' ROUN' LIKAH'
FISH OUTA DA
WADDAH YET...

WHO'S
HE TALKIN'
TO?

I DON'T
KNOW, BUT IF
IT COMES OUT ON
AN ALBUM,
I'LL BUY IT.

WHERE
YA GOIN'
SUE?

I'M GONNA
SHOW THESE
BEE-BOPPERS
WHAT REAL
DANCIN' IS.

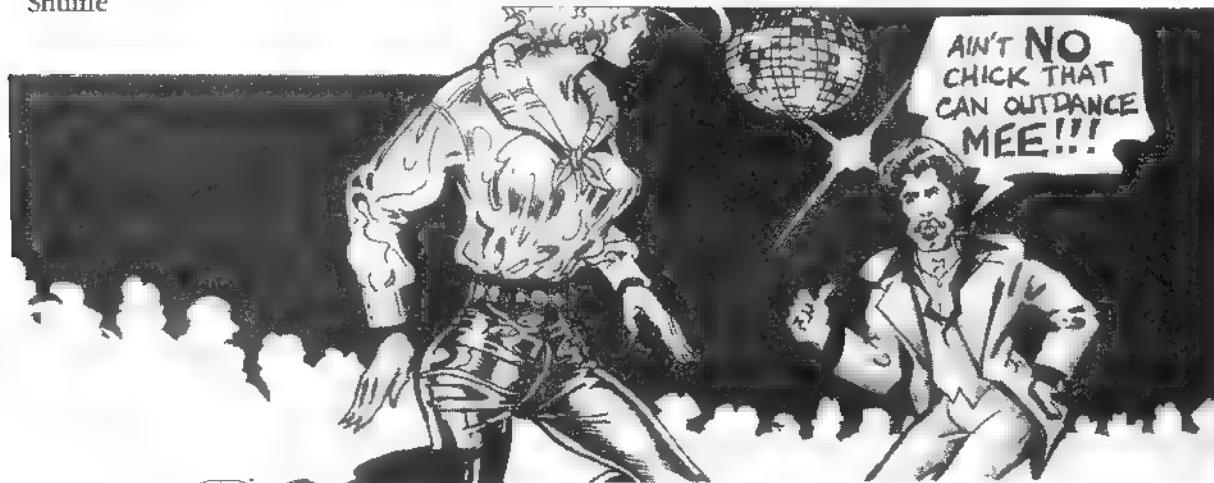


It was inevitable. Two top guns. A showdown. The lines were drawn and the stakes were high. Flashy, urban disco versus gritty, country honkytonk, Boz versus Hank, Moog versus steel, Britannia versus Levi, Fedora versus Arizona Feeds, Mercedes versus G.M.C. and ultimately, Macho versus M'am . . .



... slowly and deliberately, Sue goes into the Safford Shuffle

but Mr Disco isn't worried . . .

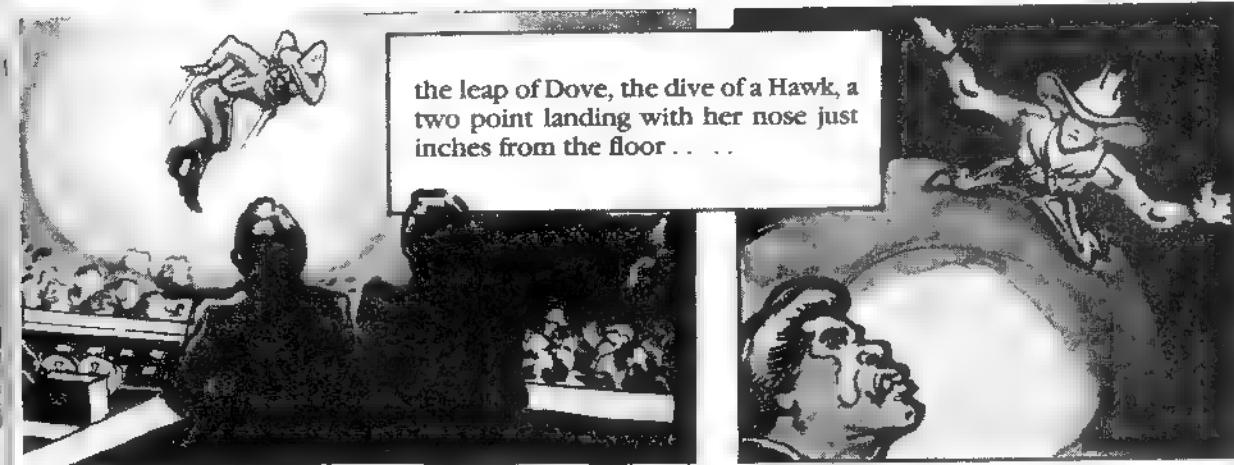




... suddenly, he unleashes his bag of explosive disco moves in quick succession, like a gunfighter emptying his 45's. But Honkytonk Sue will not be intimidated ..



... the Safford Shuffle gives way to the Wickiup Wiggle, then comes the famous Winslow Womp and the lewd Seligman Stomp. Mr Disco is temporarily stunned, but what he doesn't know is that Sue is saving the most incredible dance for last



the leap of Dove, the dive of a Hawk, a two point landing with her nose just inches from the floor .. .



. then, the Texas Shuffle done upside down all the way across the room. Mr. Disco had the home floor advantage and he had never been beaten, but he had never danced against Honkytonk Sue . . . he was finished

THANKS
FER TH'
DANCE.

BEAT BY AH
CHICK! I
GUESS I'LL GO BE
A PRIEST LIKE MY
BRUDDAH...

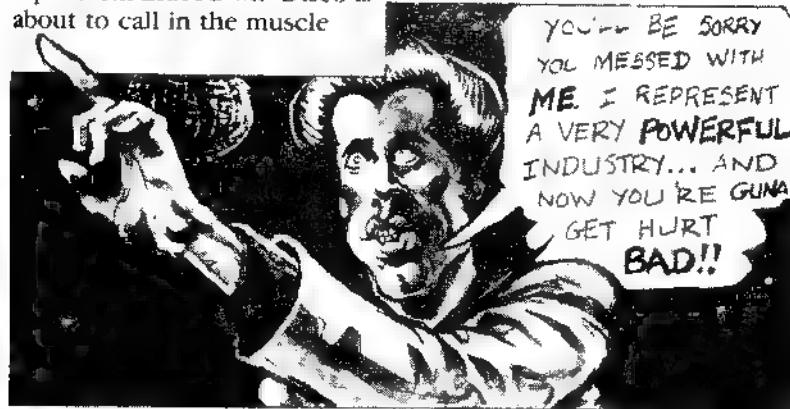


many in the crowd went into shock

others got petty .



A problem indeed Mr Disco is about to call in the muscle



The feared "Disco Death Bouncers." Locked in metal cages since puberty and forced to listen to Bee Gee records for hours on end. Naturally, they were ready to kill anything.



It was such an obvious mismatch. In the end it was the background training that made the difference..

Donna Jean took out the first "Disco Death Bouncer" with a standard female honkytonk purse maneuver known as the "thanks, but I don't feel like dancing" hook.



. and Sue raised the consciousness of the second and third with the standard Honkytonk Sue maneuver known as the "check out the ceiling boys" uppercut..



... then just for good measure Sue calmly walked over, grabbed Mr. Disco by the lips....

YOU NEW
YORK Boys
ARE ALL
ALIKE...



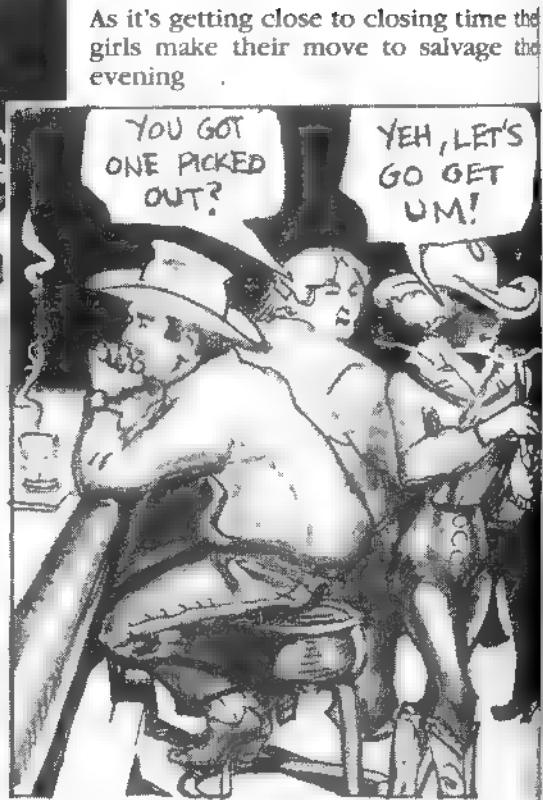
... and flipped
him end over end
across the deco dance floor.

Later after cleaning out an entire disco Honkytonk Sue and Donna Jean are naturally ready for some thing more challenging

BE CAREFUL
DONNA JEAN
I DON'T LAK
HIM LUKE

HIS SMILIN'
AT ME E - FAV MINUTES.
I THINK HE WANTS
ME SUE.





Sue uses her "subtle" approach.



but poor Donna Jean Sue pegged 'Mr Waterbed' on the money. He's a stinker

I'VE GOT A
NEED, WOMAN
- LET'S GO.
HOLD
YER
MULES.

Sue got her man and normally would have left for the night, but something didn't set right with her . . . something about the man Donna Jean was dancing with . . .

HEY, YEK MA KANDA
WOMAN, WHY DON'T WE
GIT TOGETHER
LATER.

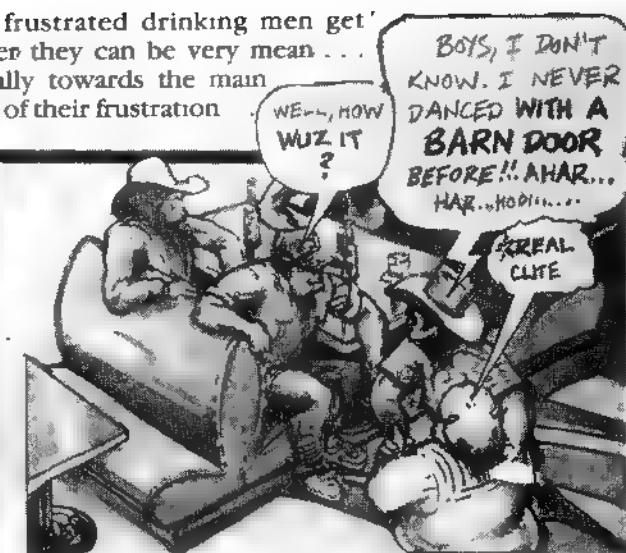
I'D LAK
THET.

. . . there was something about his eyes, cold and unfeling. And although Sue could tell he was coming on real mushy, his body was saying the opposite. . .

... and so were his buddies



When frustrated drinking men get together they can be very mean ... especially towards the main source of their frustration



HEY, NO OFFENSE, WE
WERE JUST KIDDIN..
...FATSO.. AHA HA HA!!

LOSE SOME
WEIGHT,
WOMAN!

NOW THAT
IS FAT.



The music stops and the joint falls silent as four smug cowboys face the steel gaze of cold blue eyes

I THINK YOU
OWE MY FRIEND
JO INA JEAN
AN APOLOGY.

HEY, WE TOLD
HER WE WUZ
JOKIN'!

YEH, CAN'T
SHE TAKE A
JOKE?!!

YEH, AIN'T
SHE GOT NO
SENSE OF
HUEMUR?!!

O.K. YOU BOYS
LAK JOKES,
HERE'S ONE
FOR YA...

WHAT'S GOT
EIGHT FEET.

HUOM
-EAN
AHMET

TWELVE
PUNY LEGS.

I AM
A
RE-T

AND THE
SEX APPEAL
OF A REFRIED
BEAN?

I SURE
JP,
WHAT IS
THAT?

DONT ASK
ME THE I RE
YER FRIENDS

NOW WAIT
A MINUTE
!!!

THET AIN'T
FUNNY, YER
TALKIN' BOUT
US!!

YEH,
IT'S ONLY
REAL
FUNNY WHEN
IT'S SOMEBODY
ELSE!!

WELL, WELL, WELL..
YOU BOYS CAN SURE
SHOVEL IT OUT...

...BUT YA CAN'T
TAKE AH TEASPOON
BACK-CAN YA
WOOSIES?



OUCH! as Sue fully knows "Woosie" is the
ONE word cowboys don't like to even hear,
much less be called.....

DID YOU
SAY
WOOSIE?!



AIN'T
NOBODY
CALLS ME
WOOSIE.

YOU . . . IF
SAID . . . I IRONG
THING . . .

IF, WE'VE ALL
GOT REAL BIG
MUSCLES.

YEP, NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT, YOU BOYS
**ARE FIRST CLASS
WOOSIES.**



STOP US!! SHET
WORD WOOSIE!!
IF YOU WERE A MAN
I'D STOMP YOU GLUD!!

IF I NEED ANY
SHIT FROM YOU
WOOSIE,
I'LL SQUEEZE
YER HEAD.



**WHUD
YOU
SAY?!**

YOU HEARD
ME
WOOSIE.



**ARGGAPH,
PHTPHTTT,,**



That did it. The four burly cowboys couldn't intimidate her and they couldn't ask her to forgive them. That wouldn't be manly.

The only thing left was an all out fight, but why wasn't this little cowgirl afraid of them? It certainly filled their minds with doubt and whenever men have the slightest doubt, they stall.

**SOMEBODY HOLD
ME BACK, OR I'LL
KILL 'ER !!**



The biggest cowboy pumped himself up like a peacock and began ranting and raving.

EXCUSE ME, DO YOU
WANT TO HOLD ME BACK,
SO I WON'T KILL HER?
IT'S EASY, JUST GRAB ME
HERE AND HERE... AND
I CAN'T MOVE... TRY

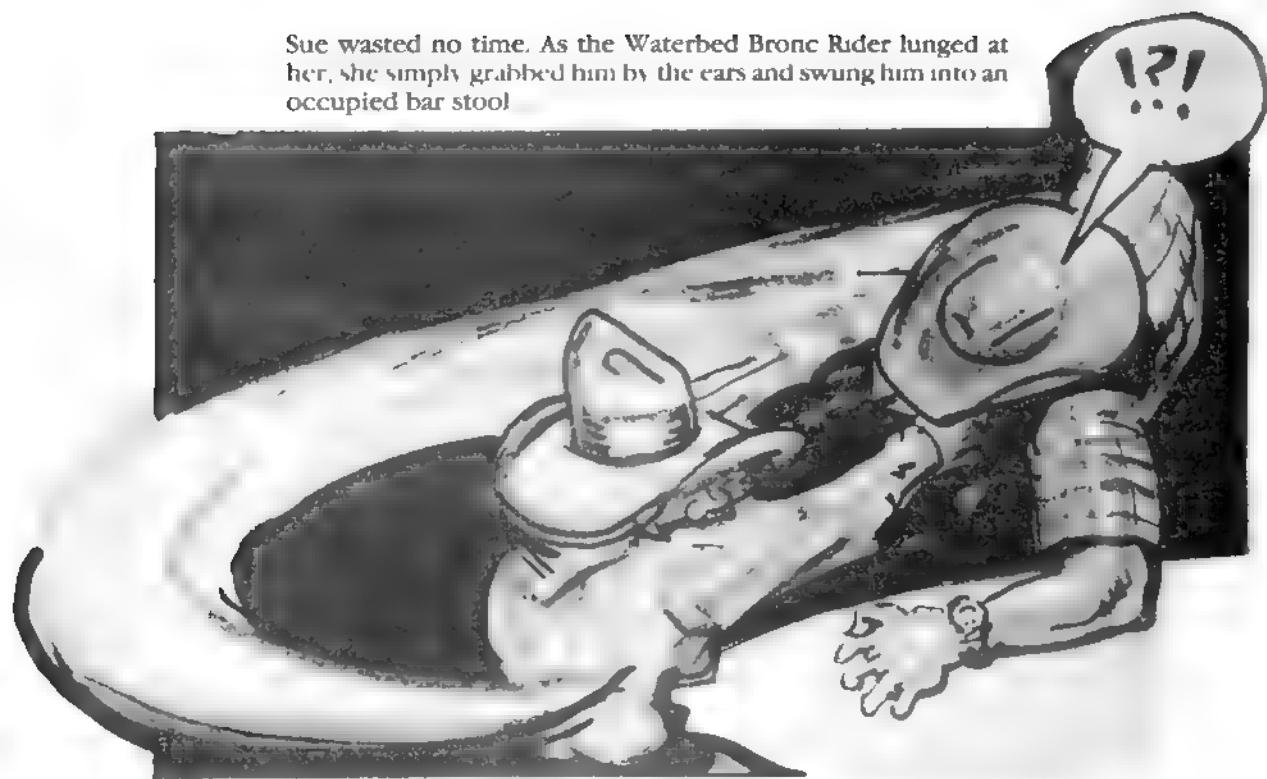
IT ...



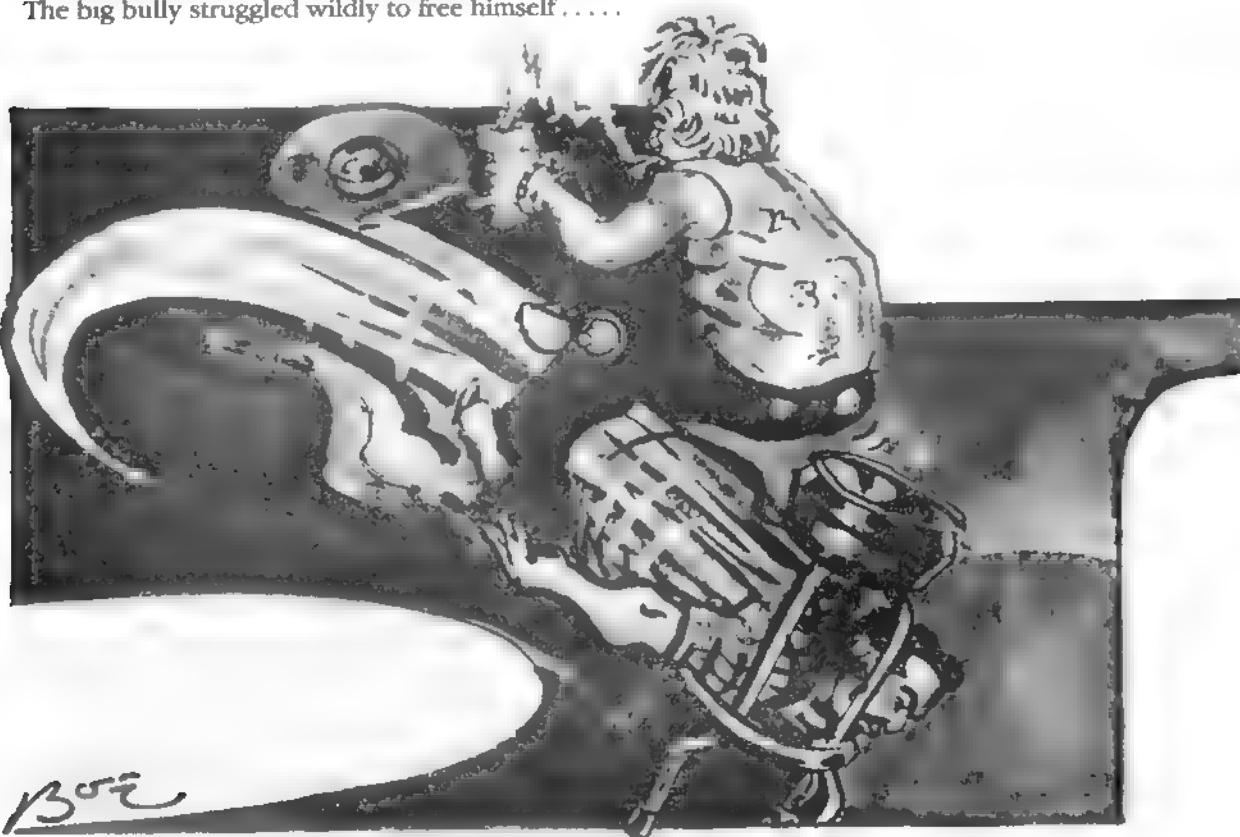
Another cowboy took a lap around the room and smashed his fist into a wall. He broke four fingers. That left Sue and the waterbed bronc rider. He finally figured no woman could handle his speed and strength. Big mistake.



Sue wasted no time. As the Waterbed Bronc Rider lunged at her, she simply grabbed him by the ears and swung him into an occupied bar stool!



... which stunned the bronc rider. No woman had ever decked him much less even talked back to him
The big bully struggled wildly to free himself



TH' REST AH
YOU BOYS
LISTEN UP.

but before he could get himself loose, Sue put him out of commission by grabbing the back of his shorts and pulling them over his head
Needless to say this hurt quite a bit. With the Bronc Rider secured, Sue turned her attention to his three bodies and served them notice



WELL,
THE ONS
TO' FAMILY
NAME.

DON'T EVIR
MAKE FUN OF
DONNA JEAN
AGAIN.

JUST CALL US
WOOSIES
MA'M.



After the incident, Donna Jean stayed locked up in her trailer for several days. Little did she know that a visit from her best friend would produce . . .

"The Ultimate Diet Plan"

THOSE
GUYS
ARE
RIGHT
SUB.

DONNA JEAN, YOU DON'T SEEM
THAT OVERWEIGHT TA ME. SURE,
YER PACKIN' AH FEW SPARE TARS
THER, BUT AIN'T WE ALL?

COME ON SUE
AH GOT EN IF SPARE
TARS TA OUTRIG
AH 16 WHEELER...

AHM TIRED AH BEIN'
FAT AN LONELY...NOW I
KNOW I'VE SAID THIS BEFORE,
BUT I'M GONNA LOSE
THIS WEIGHT.

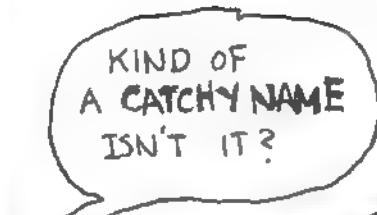
I FORGET,
DO I TAKE
SUGAR

* ANYWAYS,
I'VE GOT AH NEW
DIET PLAN THAT
IS ABSOLOOTLY
GARUNTEED TA
WORK!!

SOUNDS GUD
WHAT'S IT
CALLED?



"DROP
POUNDS OR
DIE."



KIND OF
A CATCHY NAME
ISN'T IT?





I'D WAIT A MINUTE,
YOU TRYNA TELL ME YOU
CAN EAT CHICKEN FRIED
STEAKS AN GLAZED DONUTS
AN' STILL LOSE WEIGHT?

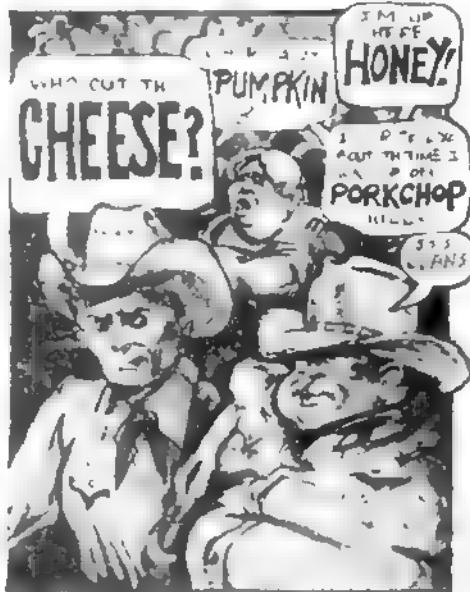
YEP!
IN FACT THET
SOUNDS LAK AH
GHD BREAKFAST.

WHAT'S TH'
CATCH
DONNA JEAN?

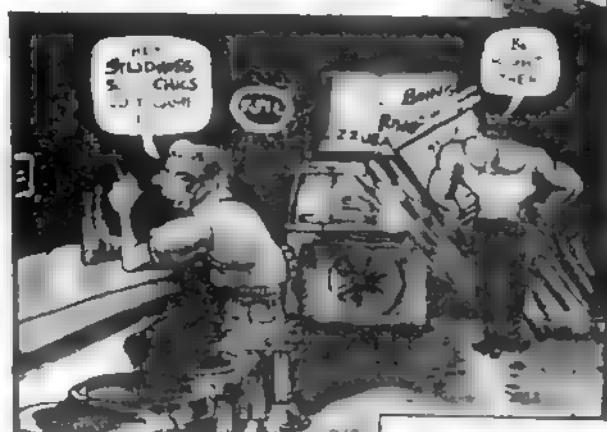




Part III









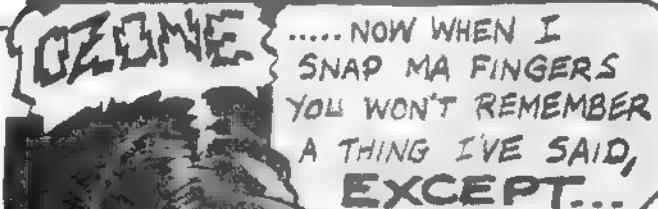


LUK RAT
IN MA EYES
BIG BOY.

HEY, NOW
YER TALKIN'
SWEETIE

Poor Donna Jean is in the pits. Cursed by food on the brain, plagued by a barroom dork and rejected by Mr. Studhoss. Things could not look pittier.

But, meanwhile, Sue has put Mr. Studhoss in a very deep hypnotic trance and it appears that Donna Jean's problems might be solved by one simple post hypnotic suggestion....



GONE
.....NOW WHEN I
SNAP MA FINGERS
YOU WON'T REMEMBER
A THING I'VE SAID,
EXCEPT...



HEY, BEGGERS
CAN'T BE
CHOOSY MAN'

...WHATEVER LUKED FAT
TO YOU BEFORE IS NOW
GONNA LUK **REALL**
SLIM AND CURVY.

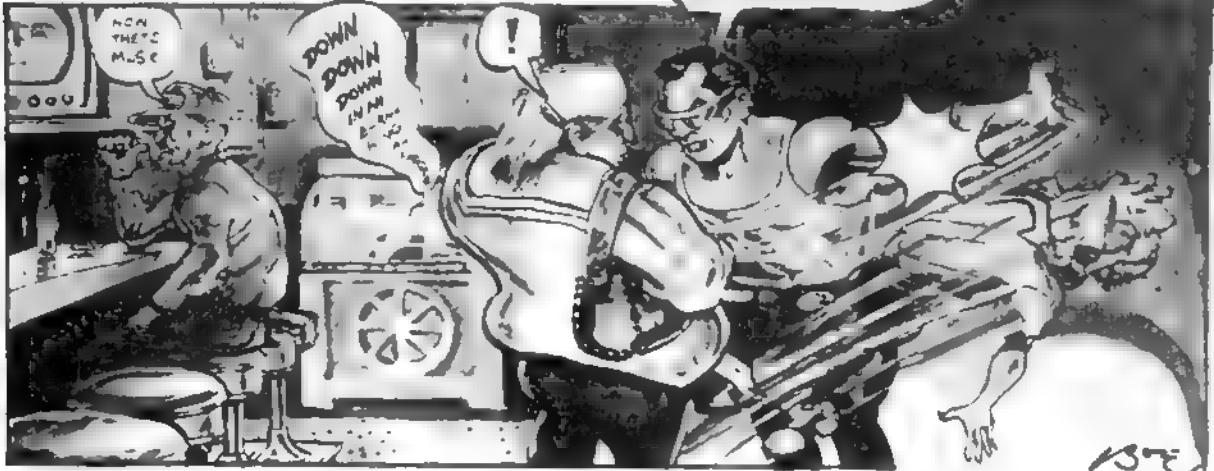


It's been said that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder,
and what Mr. Studhoss beholds when he comes out
of his trance puts Donna Jean in a very different
light indeed



Thanks to Sue's suggestion, Mr. Studhoss sees the real Donna Jean, and does he ever like what he sees. Which proves what Sue knew all along: that beauty is only "eve" deep

'SCUSE ME MAM.
IS THIS CREEP
BOTHERN' YOU?!



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ALLRAAT!!
HEY GUDLUKIN'
WANNA
NECK?

YER J.S.
GONNA MAKE
FUN AH ME
TOO FREYT
YAP

ARE YOU KIDDIN'!!
YOU ARE
BEAUTIFUL!!!

AWWW
COME
ON.

Sue steps back and enjoys the scene.

ARE YOU
SURE YER
NOT JUST
FUNNIN' ME?

YER TH' SEXIEST LUKIN'
WOM.N A .E EVR
WANTED TA GT MA
PAWS ON.

START TH' CAR
SUE HE MAY BE
BLIND BUT I GOT IM!!



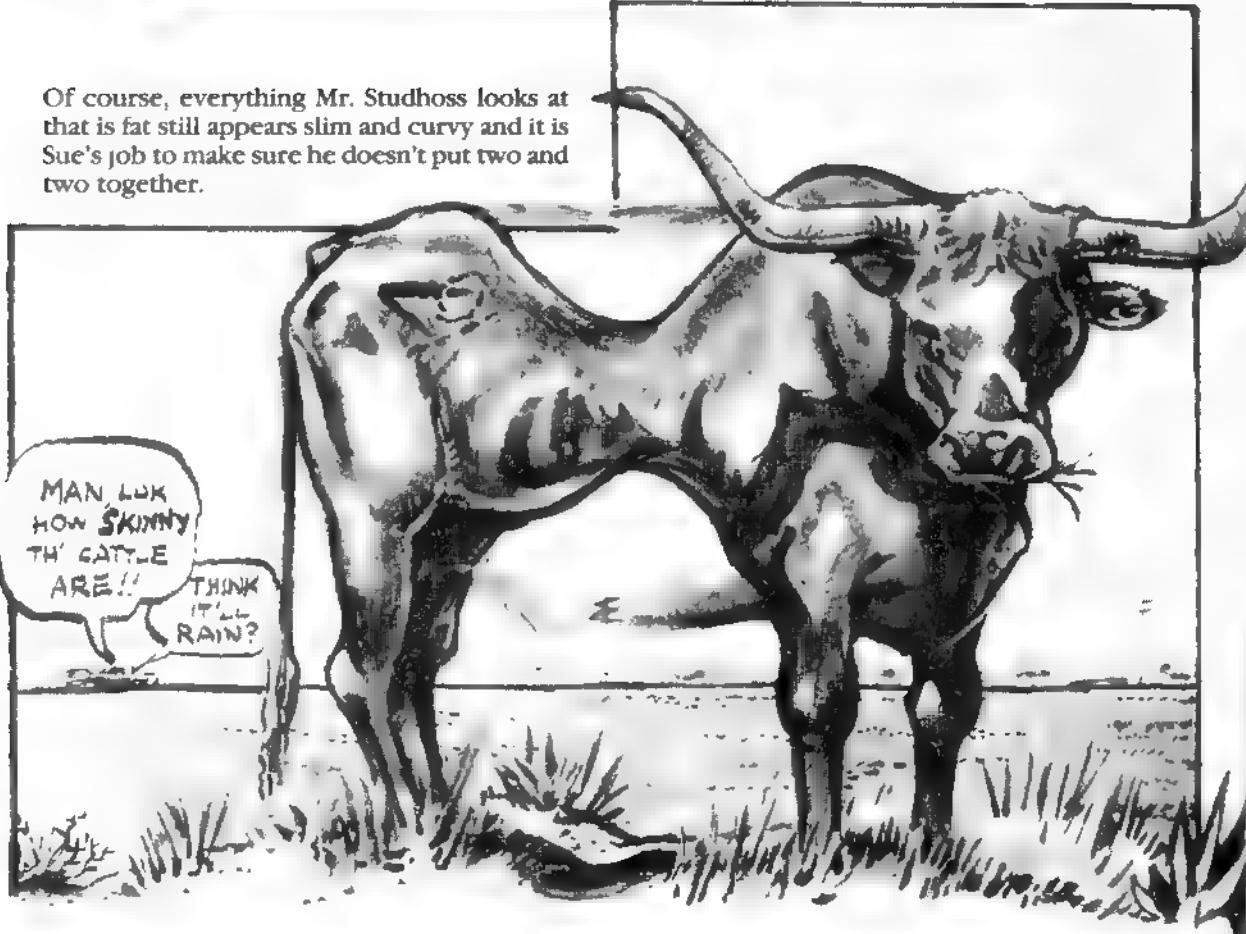


Donna Jean stuffs Mr. Studhoss into the back-seat and Sue floorboards her primer gray Cadillac out onto the open road.



So far, so good. The last thing on Donna Jean's mind is food.

Of course, everything Mr. Studhoss looks at that is fat still appears slim and curvy and it is Sue's job to make sure he doesn't put two and two together.





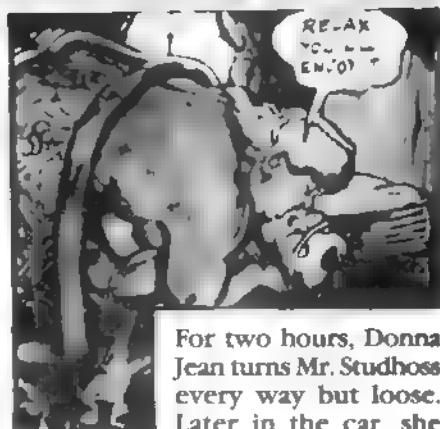
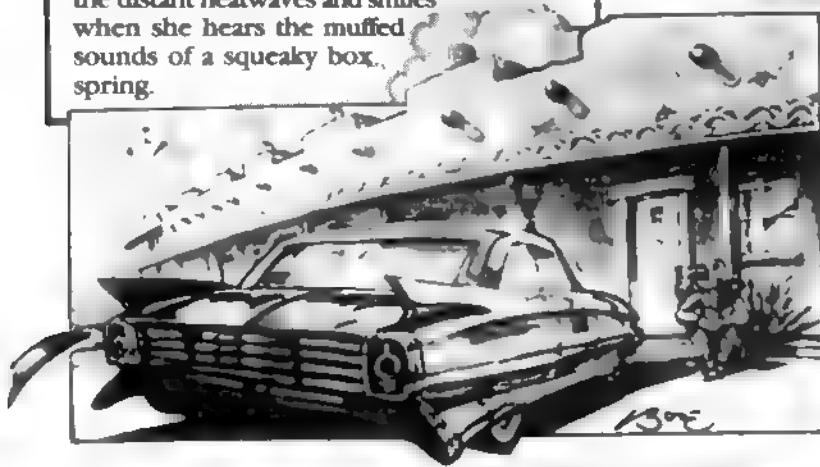
Five miles and twelve dollars later Donna Jean stands on the threshold of a dream



HAVE YOU
EVER BEEN
THIS FAR
BEFORE?

NOT AT
THIS
MOTEL

Sue waits outside, lights a smoke, watches the distant heatwaves and smiles when she hears the muffed sounds of a squeaky box spring.



For two hours, Donna Jean turns Mr. Studhoss every way but loose. Later in the car, she says . . .

GEE, THANKS SUE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU
DID, BUT IT SURE
WORKED!

WELL, YER WELCOME
DONNA JEAN, AHM JUST
GLAD I CUD HELP YA
KEEP YER MIND OFF
FOOD.

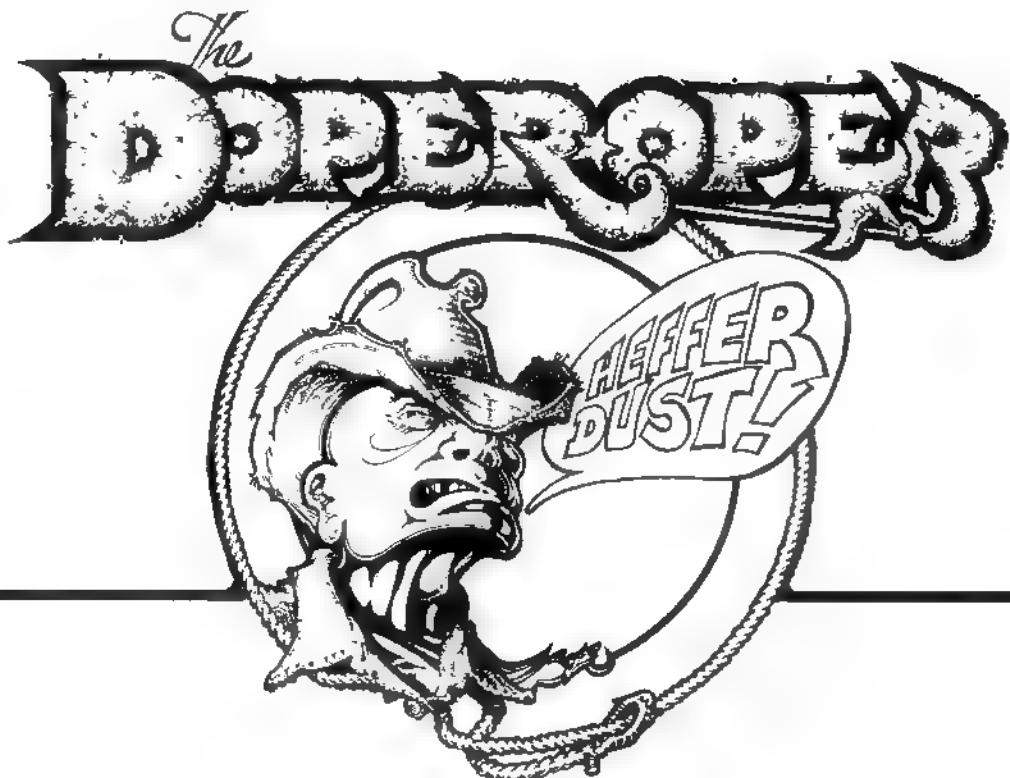




DID YA
ENJOY
IT?

DOES AH
DING DONG
ROT YER
TEETH?

The End until next time



in

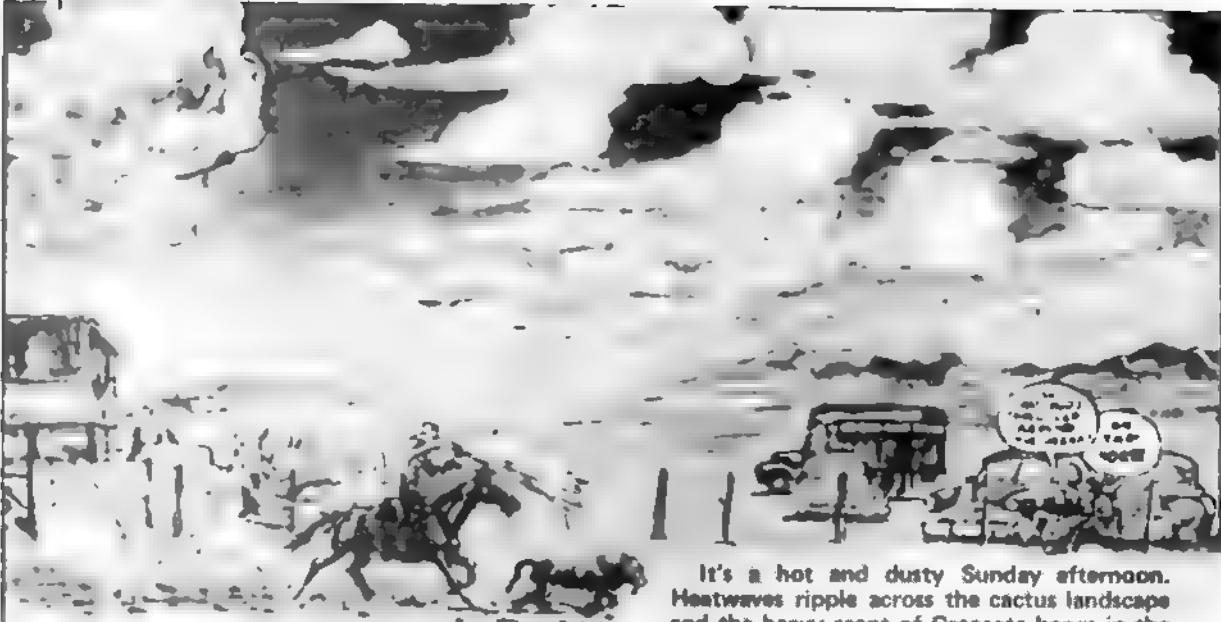
JackPot Roping

In the days before air conditioning, Arizona spawned a generation of people who lived close to the land. The main reason for this was gravity. It kept them real close to nature, so to speak.

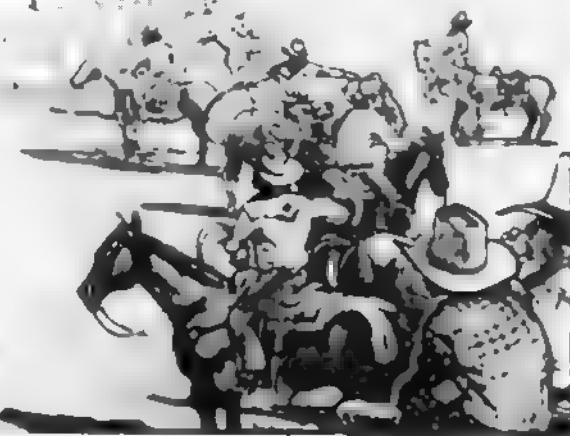
In recent years, A.C. (after air conditioning) a new breed of people has moved in, born free of gravity or nature. In time, the old breed will be gone and out of the way, without much of a struggle.

This story is dedicated to the strugglers.

1302



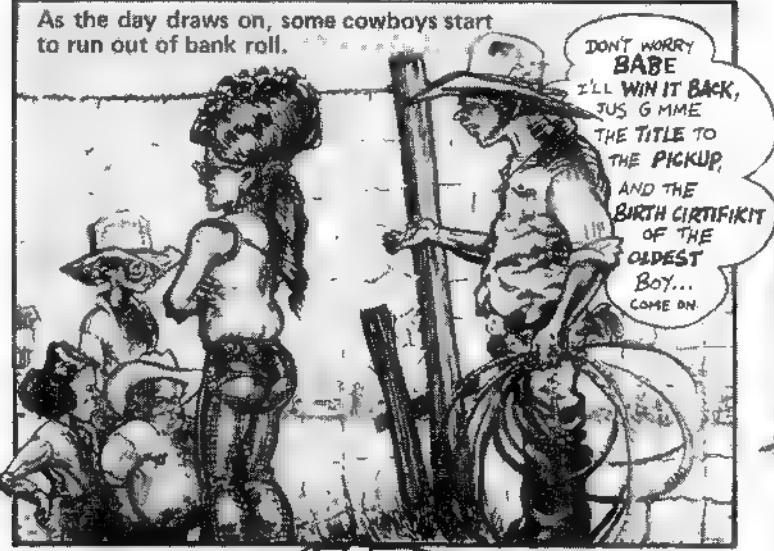
It's a hot and dusty Sunday afternoon. Heatwaves ripple across the cactus landscape and the heavy scent of Creosote hangs in the air. Neighboring cowboys from Cattletrack Basin gather to bet some money. It's Jackpot Roping time.



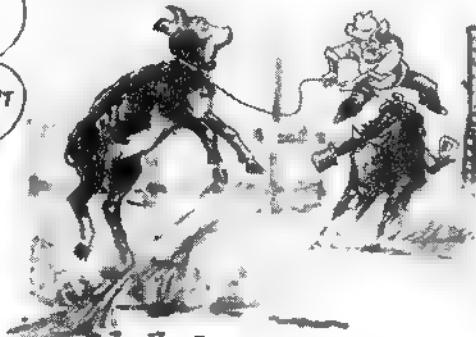
Unlike a scheduled rodeo, Jackpot Roping is less formal. Horses, tall tales and Cactus Beer cans are more numerous than the cowboys themselves, and the roping sometimes takes a back-seat to other priorities.



As the day draws on, some cowboys start to run out of bank roll.



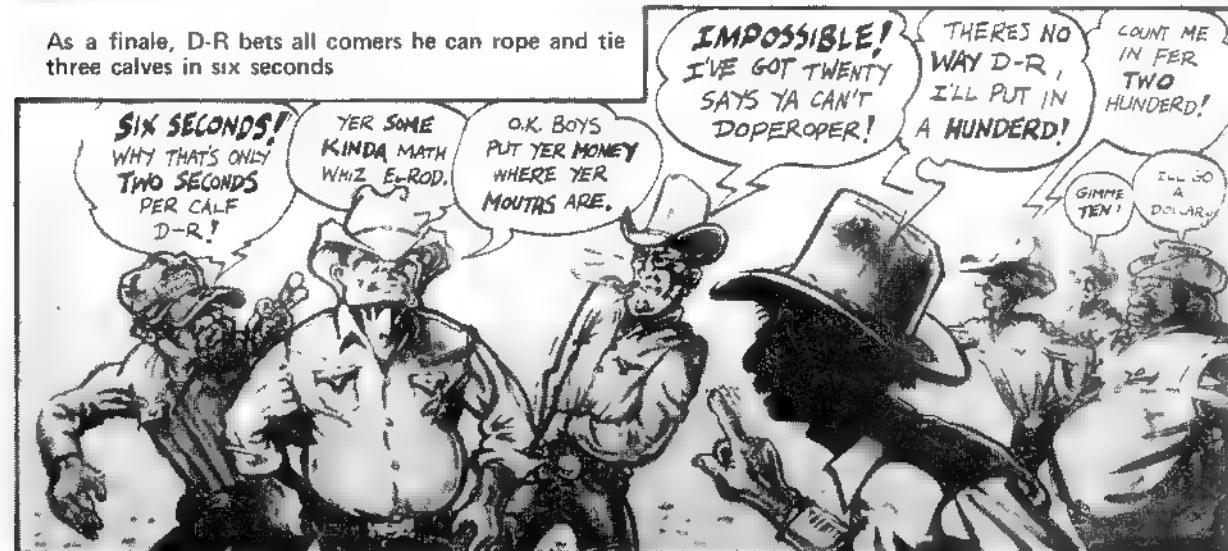
Others are hot and can't be stopped.



The Doperoper uses his famous "over the head" dismount to turn in a third time under six seconds, easily winning the day's pot.



As a finale, D-R bets all comers he can rope and tie three calves in six seconds



Several cowboys from the Big Sandy are anxious to recoup some of their day's losses and jump into the betting with a vengeance. The Doperoper just smiles, walks to his pickup and trades his grass rope for one of seven other ropes he keeps hung on the rack in his rear window.

The final wagering brings the pot to thirteen hundred dollars, twenty-one C.B. radios, a "Dick Shelton Brush Saddle" and one John Deere Manure Spreader

PRETTY SQUARLY
LOOKIN' ROPE,
WHAT SAT MADE
OF DR!

ONE
HALF NALON,
ONE HALF
TESSON'S HALF
SPLIT CAT

Three calves are herded into the narrow chute. The timer signals he's ready and all eyes turn to the Doperoper, who stuns the assembled crowd by removing Shamrock's bridle and mounting up backwards!

WATCH 'EM
SQUIRM
SHAMROCK

ANTY ME

EVIDENTLY, OLE D-R
WANTS TO SEE WHERE HE'S
BEEN FOR A CHANGE, RATHER
WHERE HE'S AH GOIN'
A HEGH-HEH...

DON'T BLAMIN'
A BIT,
SEEIN AS HOWZ HE'S
HEADED STRAIGHT
FER THE POOR
HOUSE!
HOH-HODD-EH

AT'S
DOWNRIGHT
DUMB.

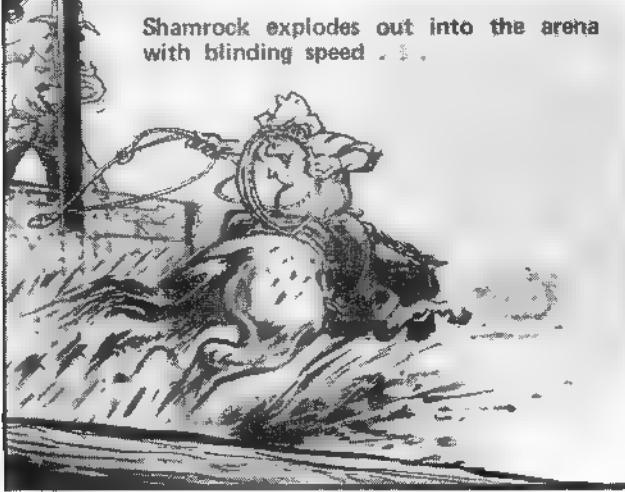
AWHEEIT
NOW I WISH
I'D AH DUT
IN
DOUBLE!

WHAT
HE'S
DOIN'

BLAMED
IF I
KNOW
CHOL

The Doperoper nods his head and three ornery calves spring for daylight . . .

Shamrock explodes out into the arena
with blinding speed . . .



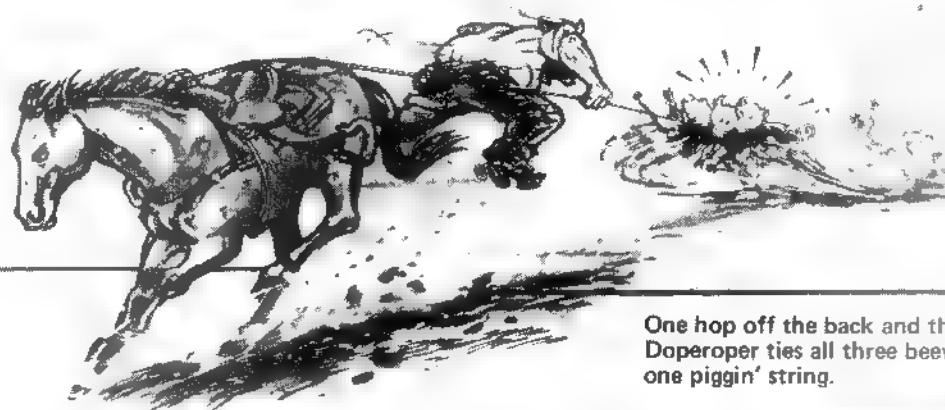
. . . He catches the fleeting trio in three strides and



jumps smack-dab over the middle of them

. . . In mid-air, D-R lets fly off the back with
a short, fast loop. A seasoned twist of the
wrist spins the rope sideways into multiple
twirls.

A quick jerk secures all three loops and
Shamrock's speed cuts the slack.

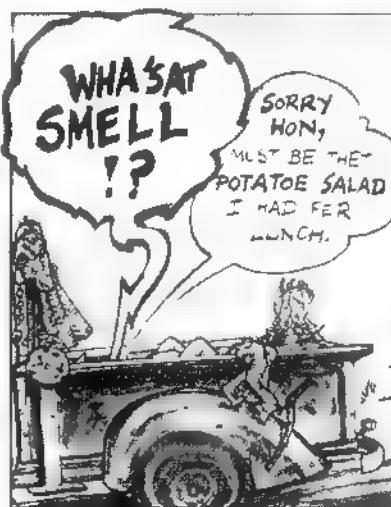


One hop off the back and the
Doperoper ties all three beevies with
one piggin' string.



The cowboys come by D-R's truck one at a time to pay their respective bets. A few of the Sandy boys get kind of rude with the tongue, but the Doperoper is as quick with his mouth as he is with a rope.



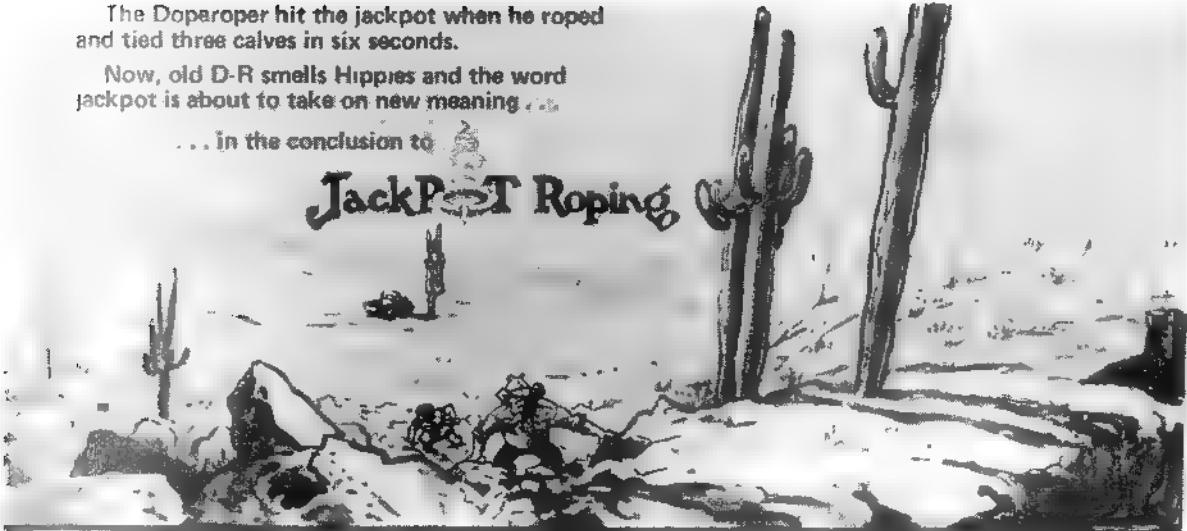


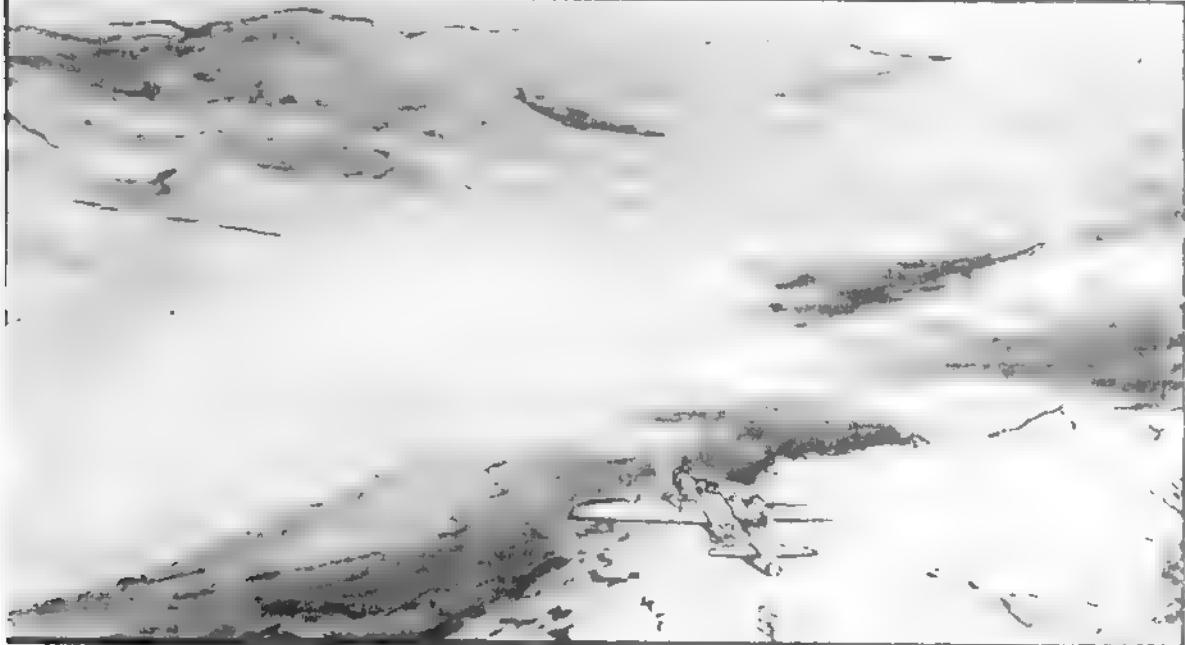
The Doperoper hit the jackpot when he roped
and tied three calves in six seconds.

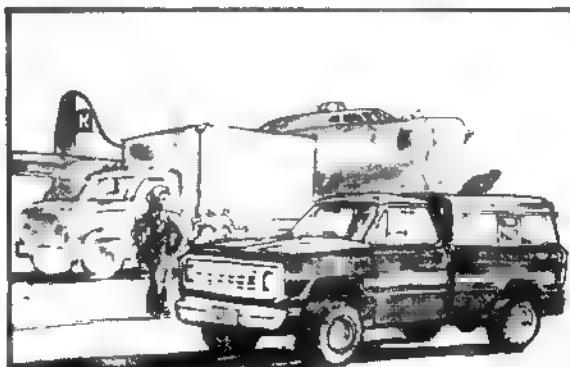
Now, old D-R smells Hippies and the word
jackpot is about to take on new meaning . . .

. . . in the conclusion to

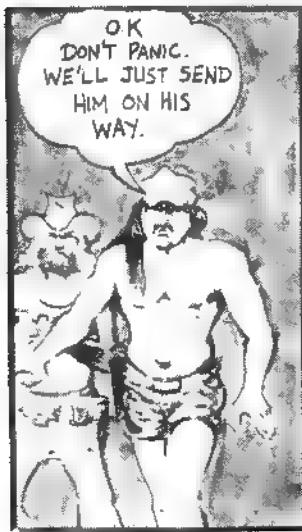
JackPOT Roping

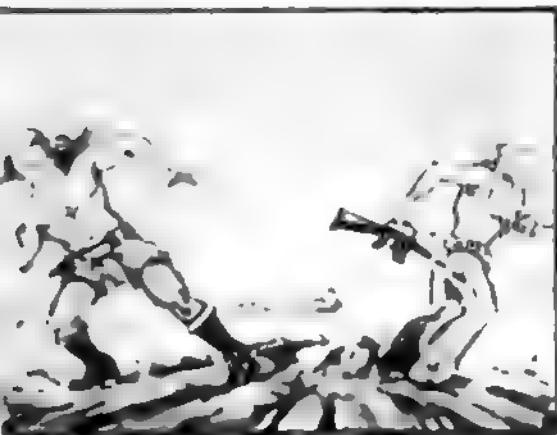


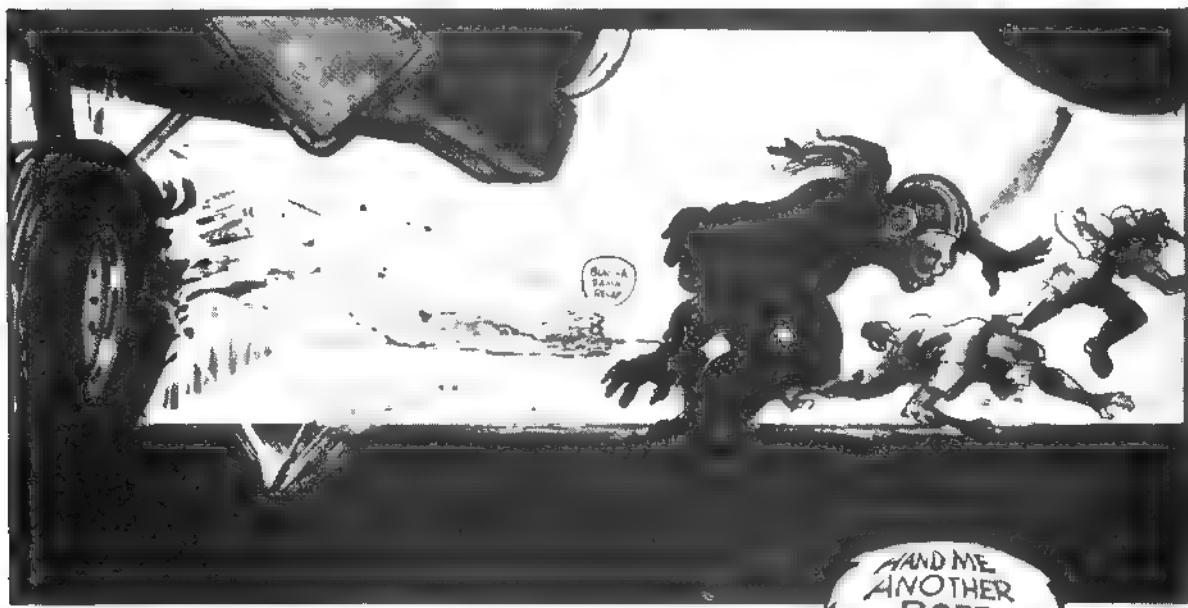
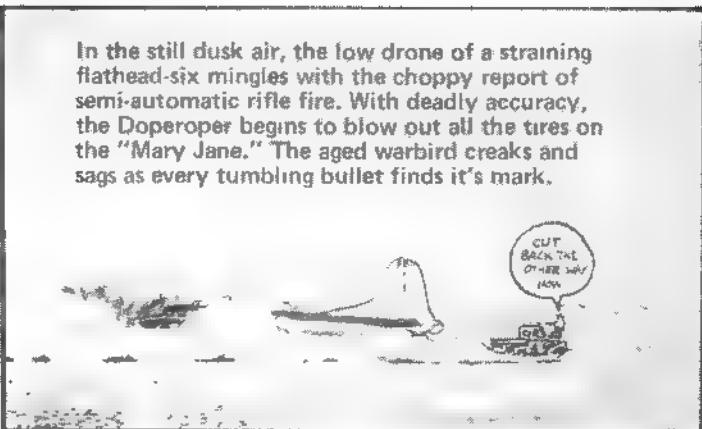
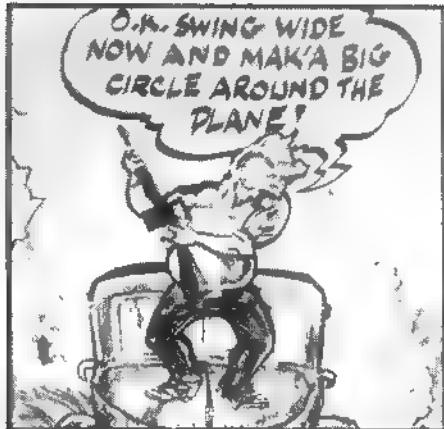




Ah, but sometimes the difference between a mule and a jackass is not that significant. True, it may take brains to be a successful lawyer, and it may take guts and brains to be a multi-million dollar dope smuggler on the side, but sooner or later, even the smartest of the smart end up looking like a mule's cousin. As shadows stretch out across a dusty Arizona dry lake, the difference between a mule and a jackass is about to evaporate ...







Reversing field, D-R keeps the Hippies scurrying back and forth for cover as he begins to concentrate on the truck tires. Within thirty seconds every hub hugs the ground.



... One by one, the Hippy mules try to make a run for it in the thick dust, but the Doperoper lives up to his name, playing with them all like a cat plays with a lizard. He uses his nylon telephone cable rope to snag a tricky zig-zagger that should have zigged when he zagged, and his acrylic nylon rope heels a desperate low crawler.



Five down without a miss and the grinning pick-up looks like a ski-boat pulling body surfers across a dusty lake.

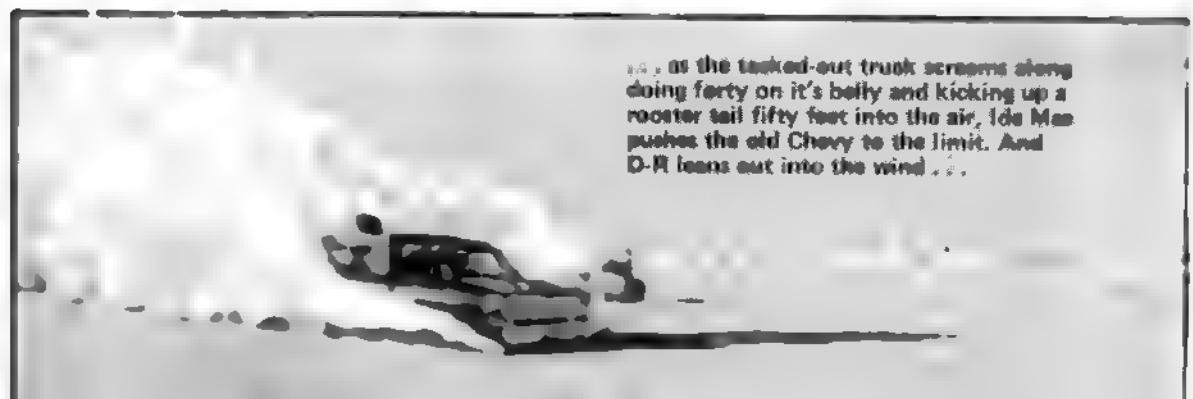




With all accounted
for except one, Grantham and
Ide Man circle back slowly looking for the
seventh. Suddenly, around the truck comes the lingo
and blasts out across the flats on the hub... .



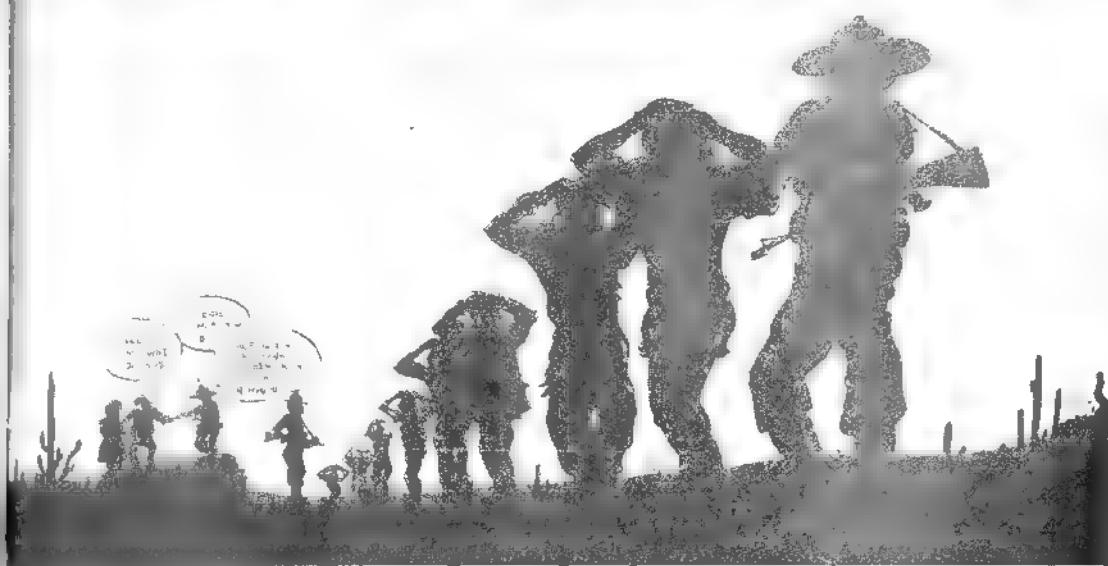
...as the tanked-out truck screams along
doing forty on its belly and kicking up a
rooster tail fifty feet into the air, Ide Man
pushes the old Chevy to the limit. And
D-R leans out into the wind... .



YOU CAN ROME
BULLETS

HEY
WAIT A
MINUTE!

Faster than the naked eye
D-R's rope cuts through
the air and straps it's
target. A mighty tug and
one jackass joins the mules.



... later at the Heatwave Cafe

T'SA BOUT TIME
YOU GOT HERE
D-R
WHERE TH
WELL YOU
BEEN!

NELL I'LL TELL YA,
I WAS TRYIN' OUT AN
OLE SET AH SPURS
AN YOU MIGHT SAY
I HIT THE
JACKPOT.

the end

HONKYTONKERS

SEVEN HONKYTONK TYPES TO BEWARE OF!

by Boe



The Oldtimers

They've been cuttin' a rug and raisin' hell most of this century. Let's face it, they watched country music grow up and if there's a dance worth dancin' west of the Big Muddy they've danced it. The Virginia Reel, The Jitterbug, The Montezuma Two Step, you name it the Oldtimers have kicked to 'em all.
BEWARE: If you have any history of heart trouble, do not try to keep up with these types.



The Kickers

These Honkytonkers use dancing as a therapeutic release. To them dancing is a contact sport and the idea is to make contact with all the other dancers on the floor and be the last ones standing. Very outspoken, they yell cute little things at the band like "Turn down or I'll use this gun."

BEWARE: Have good health insurance and keep at least a leg's length away.



The Boozers

Their dance style is very fluid, and often resembles a balloon with a bad leak. Perpetually half crooked most of their evening is spent dancing on other people's feet.

BEWARE: When in the vicinity of these types never light matches or wear open toed shoes.



The Twirlybirds

Here's the new phenomena of the '70's. Five years ago you couldn't get them to even listen to country music. Now they think they discovered it. Long on fancy twirls and short on steps.

BEWARE Of flying limbs, turquoise, and roach clips



The Spatters

Closely related to the Kickers, but these two keep all their aggression in the family. Their style of dancing is somewhere between Kung Fu and Monday Night Football.

BEWARE Don't try to aid either of them though, because



The Showboats

The rococo of the hankytown dancers. To them dancing is a profession, and they've got more moves than a half-time Rose Bowl band.

BEWARE Give them plenty of room because if you blow one of their choreographed routines you'll be in hot water (with their agent!)



The Masters and Johnson Lab Team

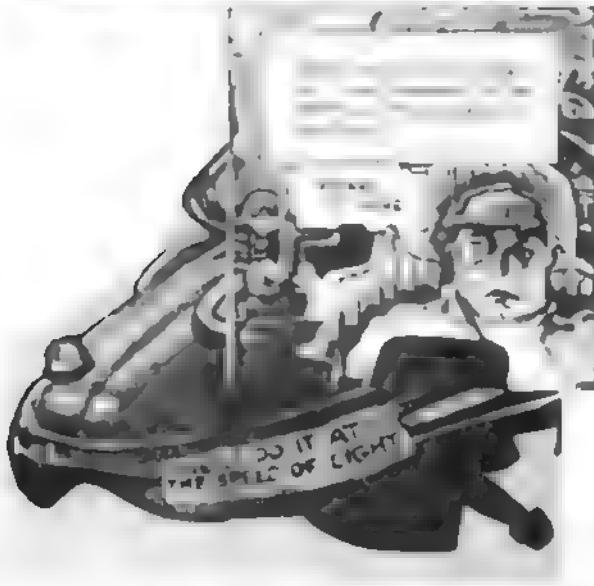
Here's some real hot dancers. They don't use much feet action' mostly hands and body english and it's amazing what they can do in the vertical position. They are invariably married but not to each other.

BEWARE Never do anything that would

Some Exciting Scenes From The Next Issue of Honkytonk Sue ...



Sue bodies off the highway, re-locates 300 feet of barbed wire fence and heads out across the desert with her boot in the carburetor...





SIR I TOLD
YOU IF WE GOT TOO
MANY COWBOYS DOWN
HERE THERE WOULD
BE PROBLEMS.

NOT BAD
STOCK
DOWN HERE

NEW TIMES WEEKLY

SUNTRACKS

THE MUSIC MAGAZINE

Premiere Issue

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

MARCH 14-20, 1979

An interview with **Paul McCartney**

BY DON HAMILTON, PHOTOS BY JEFFREY L. HARRIS



Organized Crime Bureau Investigates
Arizona Audio
See Front Page

NEW TIMES WEEKLY

LOT 10, NO. 33

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

MARCH 14-20, 1979

Dr. Richard Ireland: Mystic or Magician?



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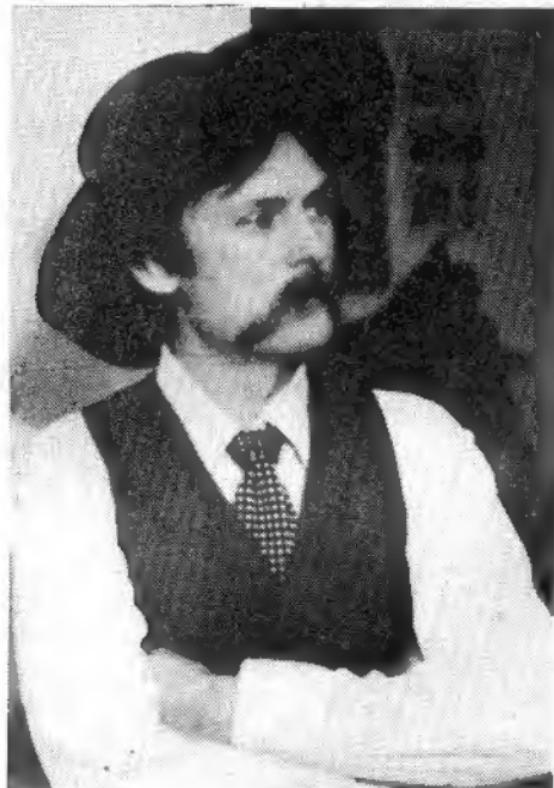
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Congratulations Sue
on your first comic
book. We are proud to
be the first newspaper
in the country with the
foresight, courage and
audacity to run
Honkytonk Sue every
week.



Arizona's hottest weekly

About The Author



BOB BOZE BELL

I have known Bob Boze Bell for over 23 years. We grew up together in the rough tourist town of Kingman, Arizona. In all that time I never knew him to utter an unkind word about someone who was carrying a knife or bigger than him. Moreover, I never knew him to "unnecessarily trace" or "copy" from his neighbor, or miss an advantage like this one to blow his own horn.

There are many misconceptions and inaccuracies concerning his life, but none of them are very interesting or worth repeating here.

Suffice to say, Boze is a real small-town human being, with hopes and dreams and the unique capacity to perceive life as a big fat joke. I wish him all the success in the world, as he still owes me \$1500.

**Dan Harshberger
Editor, Razz Revue
Phoenix, Arizona**



REMEMBER GIRLS.
"IF A MAN HAS TO
BRAG, HE'LL BE
THE FIRST TO SAG."





Honkytonk Sue #1

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Bob Boze Bell

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Sir Real's

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Sandy Lovejoy - 3(q)

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